

Take Me

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Take Me

by [wtfwhyamilikethis](#)

Summary

An unspoken competition starts between Dream and George to see who can make the other more embarrassed and flustered. What starts as revenge and simple pay back, turns into two idiots pining and not acknowledging their feelings. The morning and nights of their life together as they helplessly deny their feelings until everything comes out.

Basically half sexual tension and half smut. Yes, I did write 5k words of smut.

Notes

Dream and George have both stated that they are okay with being written explicitly. If their opinions ever change, I will gladly take this down. Hope you enjoy! :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George was sitting on the kitchen counter with his legs slightly parted, on his phone waiting for the microwave popcorn to be done. Dream strolled into the kitchen and in one swift movement walked right up to George between his legs, placing his left hand high on George's thigh and pushing down on it to reach up into the cabinet behind George and pull out a bowl.

He then walked over to the kitchen island, placing the bowl down. Meanwhile a red, flustered, wide eyed George stared at him, phone resting limply in his hand.

"D-Dream?" George stuttered out in slight embarrassment.

"What?" Dream asked, glancing over at George as if he hadn't just completely invaded George's personal space to get a bowl.

"What the hell was that?" George said, still very much flustered and finding it hard to speak.

"Well we need a bowl for the popcorn, unless you wanna eat it straight out of the bag." Dream smirked to himself, satisfied at George's stammering state.

"You could've just asked me to move y'know," George stated, slightly annoyed at Dream's teasing.

"Well yeah.. but where's the fun in that?" At that, Dream left the room, silently grinning and snickering to himself as he entered the living room to play a movie on the TV.

He left George on the kitchen counter with his mouth slightly parted in shock, eyes still wide and cheeks burning up again.

George knew Dream was just teasing him like always but he still couldn't help the thumping in his chest. His emotions swirled in his head, not knowing if he wanted to get up and slap Dream for his incessant flirting or kiss him for it. Before he could dwell on it for too long, the microwave beeped, signalling the popcorn was done.

During the movie, George sat on the opposite end of the sofa as Dream, still mad at his friend's previous actions. George could hardly pay attention to what was happening in the movie because all he could think about was Dream.

He tried to force the thought out of his head but his mind always wandered back to the way his skin burned under the firm hand on his thigh or the way his neck tingled as he felt Dream's hot breath against it. His thoughts confused him even more as he refused to admit what his feelings were telling him.

Instead of accepting what it all meant, he got angry. Angry at how Dream always got away with his flirty jokes and slightly inappropriate touching. Angry at how Dream could mess with George's

emotions, while all George could do was watch, heart beating too fast for him to form coherent thoughts.

George decided he had had enough. He was done being Dream's little toy, he wanted pay-back.

So, as they sat in silence watching the movie, George made a plan; a simple plan but he hoped it would be enough. He figured it wouldn't take much to get Dream flustered because George had never done anything too bold before, always keeping his jokes on the friendlier side of flirting and teasing. George made sure to never go too far in fear of what he would discover about himself.

Now George was sick of it, always feeling so helpless around Dream; it was time to finally stand up for himself and get Dream back, even if it was just a little bit.

George noticed the cans of pop sitting on the side table directly behind Dream where Dream sat with his legs up on the sofa, back against the arm rest. After a bit of debate in his own brain, George decided to get back at Dream in a similar fashion to what he had done to George. He would fight fire with fire, this way he would make it even.

George looked over at Dream and noticed how invested he was in the movie, not noticing George's staring. Now was as good of a time as any.

Before George initiated his simple plan, he couldn't help but notice how nice Dream's face looked in the dim lighting. Flashing lights from the TV illuminated his face with a pleasant glow, making his green eyes shine with excitement. Shadows danced across his features as he bit his lip in anticipation for what would happen next in the film.

George snapped himself out of it and continued with his scheme. He moved from his side of the couch and in a few quick movements he was propped up by his left hand on the armrest beside Dream's head, on his knees between Dream's legs as he reached behind the boy's head to grab a can of pop. He heard Dream's breath hitch as he pulled away shortly after to return to his seat on the other side of the couch.

Once settled in his seat he looked over at Dream, opening the can. Dream's face was priceless. His plan had worked exactly as intended, Dream stared at George with a face similar to the one George had earlier in the night. His eyes were wide and a blush heavily covered his freckled cheeks and nose.

"What the fuck George?" Dream asked, still very much in shock.

"What?" George asked feigning innocence.

"What the fuck was that about? I could've just passed you the drink."

George had never seen Dream so flushed and unsure. He felt a small sense of accomplishment at what he was able to do to the boy with a few simple movements, having not even touched him.

Confidence flowed through him at Dream's startled state.

George decided to use Dream's words against him, saying "Well yeah, but where's the fun in that?" The words left his lips with a devilish smirk as he turned back to watch the movie still playing.

That was the first time Dream had ever been speechless in front of George and George felt oddly satisfied his plan has worked so successfully.

Not much was spoken the rest of the night besides a few 'good nights'.

George went to bed still very much pleased he had won the little feud, at least for the time being.

As Dream lay in bed, he repeated the events of the night in his head. He was surprised George had actually done something bold for once and didn't know what to think about the electricity he felt as George had been so close to him so suddenly and unexpectedly. When Dream was the one causing the other boy to flush, he had felt a little rush every time but always chalked it up to the adrenaline and excitement in the moment, anticipating George's funny flustered reaction.

Now he had felt the same thing, if not more, when George had done the same to him. When George had been so close to him. *Was it just shock?* He decided he didn't want to know the answer.

Dream did, however, know he had to get George back. He didn't like the feeling of George being the one who had the power, the last word; he would win whatever little feud this had turned into.

The next morning, Dream woke up and decided to hop in the shower first thing. The bathroom was down the hall past George's bedroom. He assumed the boy was still sleeping because of how silent the house was.

Dream picked up his towel and went to grab a change of clothes. As he reached for his clothes, he got an idea. It was a little stupid and may not even work but he figured it wouldn't hurt to try it. He went to the bathroom with only a towel in his hands, still wearing the clothes he slept in. Once out of the shower, he ruffled his hair somewhat dry with his towel before quickly drying his body and loosely tying the towel around his waist. Picking up his dirty clothes, he headed out of the bathroom.

Dream walked down the hall and saw George's door now open with the boy sitting up on his bed, luckily awake. When Dream approached his friend's bedroom, he stopped in the doorway and ran a hand through his hair before resting both hands on the doorframe above him. George looked up from his phone to see what Dream wanted.

He froze when he realized the state of the boy in front of him. Dream's hair was still damp and somewhat fluffy, small drops of water dripped down his broad shoulders and toned body, leading to the loosely hanging towel clinging to Dream's waist. The morning sun shone through George's window and perfectly illuminated Dream's figure. He looked near godly.

George's jaw slackened at the sight and he consciously made sure not to drool as he eyed the man before him.

After clearing his throat, Dream asked "Hey, I was just wondering what you wanted for breakfast this morning. I can cook this time, I don't want you nearly burning down the kitchen again" with a slight chuckle.

George forced himself to stop staring at Dream's body, meeting Dream's eyes and flushing a bright red, feeling like a deer caught in headlights.

He swallowed thickly before processing what Dream had said and letting out a half-hearted laugh at the boy's comment. Replying, he said "Hey, I did *not* nearly burn the kitchen down, I only burnt our food a little."

"A little? Yeah sure George, it was rock solid and the fire alarm went off from the smoke."

“Well, it’s not even my fault, I forgot about it!”

“That’s like the definition of *your fault* George,” Dream said, barely holding in his laughter.

“Whatever, you’re such an idiot.”

Dream let out a wheeze before replying with “Ok well *anyway*, enough about your horrible cooking. What do you want for breakfast?”

“Um I’m fine with anything. Eggs and toast would be nice.”

“Ok sounds good, I’ll get dressed and get it started.”

George had forgotten about his friends half-naked state during their conversation. Now that Dream had mentioned it, it consumed his mind once again, eyes unwillingly tracing over Dream’s glowing body. He felt his cheeks warm and turned away quickly before hurriedly saying “Ok thanks Dream.”

Dream walked away with a smile creeping onto his face, pleasantly surprised his little plan had worked.

George remained sitting up in his bed, still thinking of how Dream’s body glowed in the sunlight that filtered through his window.

His stomach twisted in an all too familiar feeling. He hated it.

Why was Dream even half-naked? Why can't he bring his clothes to the bathroom with him? And why did he look so god damn hot?

George sat and pondered whether Dream would have planned it purposely just to mess with him. He assumed it wasn’t on purpose because *why would Dream want him flustered at the sight of his body?* It didn’t change the fact that he was mad. He wondered how Dream had managed to get George so worked up over something so small again. It wasn’t fair.

Lost in his thoughts, he noticed the smell of eggs cooking and decided to finally get up. He threw on a fresh hoodie and pair of jeans before heading downstairs and into the kitchen.

Dream was in the kitchen cooking scrambled eggs and humming to the music playing on his speaker in the background.

“Hey,” George greeted, offering a friendly smile.

“Hi! You hungry?”

“Yeah, it smells really good, thanks for cooking.”

“No problem Georgie,” Dream said with a teasing smile.

George visibly cringed at the nickname, giving Dream a confused look. Dream only laughed in response to his friend’s displeased expression.

“Do you want some avocado with your eggs?” Dream asked.

“Sure, why not.”

Then, Dream got out two avocados and cut one open, stabbing the pit with his knife to twist it out and cut up the avocado. He sliced open the second one and as he brought the knife down to stab the second pit, it slipped off the pit and into his finger. Dream let out a sharp cry in pain at the small incision.

“Dream!” George called, immediately turning to Dream to see what was wrong. “What happened?” George asked as he got closer, tone laced with worry.

“It’s nothing, I just cut my finger a little.”

“Here, let me see it,” George said, reaching his hands out to Dream.

“No, it’s ok, I’m fine George, don’t worry about it,” Dream said as he turned away slightly, holding his finger.

“Just let me see it Dream, you’re probably bleeding.”

“Ugh, fine *mom*,” Dream said as he held his finger out to George.

George scowled at him before holding Dream’s finger to inspect the cut. It was bleeding a little, a small droplet threatening to drop.

Not giving it much thought as he saw the blood rushing down on its way to drop to the floor, George put his lips to Dream’s finger and gently sucked the small amount of blood off, gently running his tongue over the cut before removing his mouth. He looked at the cut again, now having a clearer view with the blood gone.

Still looking at the cut, George said “I’ll go get you a Band-Aid.”

George looked up at Dream for his response and was met with Dream already looking right at him, visibly blushing. Seeing his friend’s flushed state, George furrowed his eyebrows slightly in confusion.

When Dream realized George was waiting for a response, he said “Oh y-yeah, thanks.”

George was still confused by Dream’s reaction as he left to get a Band-Aid from the bathroom. *Was Dream embarrassed he cut himself? Why did he seem so... flustered?*

He retrieved a Band-Aid from the bathroom, not giving his lingering questions much thought, he was more concerned with helping Dream at the moment. George returned with the Band-Aid and opened it, wrapping it around Dream’s finger carefully.

“Thanks,” Dream said when George was done.

“Yeah of course, no problem Dream. How’d you even cut yourself anyway?”

“It was ‘cause of this stupid avocado pit. The knife slipped on it and hit my finger instead,” Dream said while fighting a smile.

George laughed at him and said “Oh noo, poor Dreamy can’t cut an avocado.”

Dream rolled his eyes dramatically at George, suppressing a laugh before saying “Well to be fair, I’m still a better cook than you. You can’t cook anything without the fire alarm going off.”

“Oh c’mon, that was *one time* Dream.”

“One time is a lot to almost burn down the house, *George*.”

“Shut up.”

Dream wheezed at George before George retreated to the living room. On his way, he said over his shoulder “Keep talking like that and you’ll have no one to help you the next time you’re dumb and hurt yourself.”

“Ok *sure* George, you love me too much, you couldn’t stand to see me hurt.”

“Oh my god *stop*,” George said from his position on the couch.

Dream wheezed again before dropping it and continuing to make their food.

When the food was ready, Dream handed them each a plate, sitting down at the dining table together to eat. They made their usual casual banter over breakfast, discussing what to do that day. George mentioned he was planning a stream later in the day so they decided to just stay home.

Later that day when the sun was almost fully set beneath the skyline, George had just finished streaming and was headed downstairs into the living room. Dream was already there on the sofa, watching some show on the TV. George had already changed into more comfortable clothes, wearing an oversized, loose fitting t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants he slept in. He walked over and plopped down near Dream on the couch.

“Hey, how was your stream?” Dream asked, glancing over at George.

“It was good. I was mostly just messing around on the Dream SMP with Quackity, so that was fun.”

“Oh nice, how long were you streaming for? It felt like a while.”

“I think it was around four hours so yeah, kind of a longer one.”

Dream hummed in response

“I’m tired,” George announced as he reached his arms above his head, arching his back and stretching his body while letting out a tired groan.

Dream looked over at his friend's movement and couldn’t help but notice the way George's shirt rode up and exposed the pale porcelain skin of his stomach. It felt stupid to be fixated on the one small piece of skin George was showing, but Dream didn’t bother trying to force himself to look away.

Dream’s brain was scrambled, thinking of what that same skin would look like under his hands, squeezing the soft skin hard enough to leave bruises.

“Dream?” George asked.

At that, Dream noticed he had been spacing out, lost in thoughts of his best friend.

“Yeah?” Dream replied, looking up at George.

“Nothing, you were just kinda... staring”

“Oh shit sorry, yeah I kinda spaced out for a second there.”

“Oh, yeah no problem.”

They both went back to watching the episode of Brooklyn 99 playing on the screen, one they had probably seen a hundred times already.

George knew where Dream was looking. He saw the way Dream's eyes raked over his body as he stretched, eyes filled with some hidden desire neither of them were brave enough to admit. He liked the feeling of heat pooling in his stomach as Dream had admired him. It felt good knowing how easily he could get Dream so worked up just from the sight of George, the smallest amount of skin exposed, especially after Dream had had the same effect on George earlier that day in his post-shower, half-naked state.

George could work with this new found discovery and he was glad he chose such a loose fitting shirt to wear. He turned, putting his legs up on the sofa, leaning back on the armrest behind him. He then put a pillow behind his back and slid down slightly to get comfortable. As he slid down, his shirt rubbed against the fabric of the pillow, causing it to ride up his back and slip down in front, just enough to expose his collarbones and part of his chest.

When George looked over at Dream, he found him staring again, this time at his chest. George took advantage of the fact that Dream was looking, leaning his head back to rest on the pillow, exposing his neck. He heard Dream swallow hard and could have sworn he heard the faintest whimper come from the back of his throat. George smirked to himself.

Dream now had a view of George's collarbones and the milky skin of his chest and neck. He could also see a bit of George's exposed waist where his shirt had ridden up his back. *God*. He looked perfect.

Neither boy knew what their feud had developed into, or were just too scared to admit it. It started as a silent agreement, just messing around with each other. Now it was almost like a fight to see who would break first, who would be the first to lose control and initiate some kind of physical contact.

Dream found himself suddenly very uninterested in whatever show was playing, too distracted by the image of perfection sitting next to him. He tried not to look, he really did, but his gaze always wandered back to George.

They made lazy comments about the show, commenting on funny moments before soon George drifted off to sleep watching the show, Dream starting to doze off too. Not too long after, they turned off the TV and headed to bed with a few simple ‘good nights’ and friendly smiles.

The next morning, Dream realized George was winning. George had gotten Dream flustered and worked up over the simplest things the day before. George's soft, warm lips on his finger. Small amounts of exposed pale skin. It wasn't right and Dream wanted the power back, so that's exactly what he would get.

Dream got out of bed and headed downstairs to the kitchen where he found George making coffee, his back facing Dream. Then Dream walked up silently behind George until he was close enough to place a hand on George's waist and lowly say “Mornin’ George,” right in his ear. He felt George jump slightly and tense up under his hand. Dream backed up, chuckling to himself.

“What the hell Dream! You scared me!” George said as he turned around to face Dream, face flushing pink.

“Oh I scared you? What George, you scared of me being so close to you? Is that it?”

“No! You snuck up behind me, of course I got scared,” George said as the blush on his face told a different story.

“Ok ok I’m sorry,” Dream said not quite convincingly, a grin plastered on his face.

George rolled his eyes and said “Yeah sure, whatever” before turning back around to finish making coffee. Dream could tell the other boy wasn’t *actually* mad at him.

“That coffee smells good, I think I’ll have some too,” Dream said as he looked in the fridge for food.

“Any askers?” George replied, turning around with a smirk.

Turning from the fridge to look at George and roll his eyes, he said “You’re such an idiot.”

George laughed hard at his own joke, saying “Oh my god I totally got you.”

Dream just returned to rummaging through the fridge, containing his laughter at his friend's childish joke.

Most of the rest of the day went by with Dream and George both working in their respective bedrooms; editing videos and making thumbnails, occasionally asking the other for help.

Later that night, George entered Dream’s room to ask if he wanted to watch a movie together.

“Wanna watch a movie when you’re done?” George asked.

Dream turned around in his chair to face George, replying with “Yeah sure, I’ll be done in around 15 minutes if you wanna choose a movie while you wait.”

“Ok, I’ll see you downstairs.”

Around 15 minutes later, Dream entered the living room, sitting down beside George and asking “So, what are we watching?”

“I was thinking we could have a little Harry Potter marathon. Definitely not all the movies but maybe the first three or something?”

“Yeah sure, that sounds good. Should I grab us some snacks?”

“Yeah, I think there’s some chips in the top cupboard by the fridge.”

Dream went to get the chips while George cued up the first movie. When Dream returned with the chips, he sat somewhat close to George in order for them to share the bag amongst themselves.

They watched the whole first movie, making funny comments and joking around during slower parts. Then, after a small break, they started the second movie.

Around half way through the second movie, Dream started getting bored. It wasn’t that he didn’t

like Harry Potter, he just didn't feel in the mood to keep up with the plot and had too much energy to sit through a whole other movie.

Dream turned to George and said "Geooorge, I'm getting bored. Do we have to watch the whole thing?"

"Yes, I wanna finish it." George said, not taking his eyes off the TV.

"C'moon George, we've already watched like one and a half movies. Let's do something else."

"You can do what you want, I'm finishing the movie."

Dream groaned and stopped for only a minute or two before piping up again saying "I can't watch it George, I'm not in the mood to actually have to think about anything."

"Well too bad for you then."

"Geooorge pleeease," Dream whined.

"Oh my god Dream you're actually so annoying," George said as he still watched the movie playing on the screen, giving little attention to his friend.

"Don't lie George, you love me," Dream said as a smirk grew on his face, still looking over at his friend.

"Oh my god," George said as a light pink dusted his cheeks, not visible due to the dimly lit room.

"C'mon George just admit it, you love me," Dream teased.

"Shut up." George still refused to look over at his friend.

"George, just tell me you love me."

George then shoved Dream slightly, pushing Dream's shoulder and saying "Dream *stop*."

Then, Dream suddenly got an idea and acted on it without giving it much thought. He pushed George back harder, knocking him onto the sofa before getting on top of him, knees slightly parted between his legs and hands pinning George's wrists beside his head on the cushion of the sofa.

Now, Dream spoke much deeper, more slowly, saying "C'mon George. Say it."

Looking back up at Dream was a wide eyed George, flushed red once again and struggling to find words. He couldn't help but get lost in Dream's piercing green eyes staring right through him. All thoughts abandoned him, leaving him lying there helpless.

Deciding to push further, Dream teased, saying "What's the matter George? Something wrong?" A cocky grin was now sneaking its way onto Dream's face with his words.

"Dream, what are you doing," George questioned in an accusatory tone, almost as a warning.

"Just tell me you love me and I'll get off," Dream stated plainly.

"I'm not gonna say that Dream," George replied, maintaining eye contact with the man above him, unable to resist his dark gaze.

Then Dream slid George's hands slightly farther up above George's head as he moved his face

down closer to George's. George could feel Dream's hot breath on his lips as he spoke again, quiet and personal, "Just tell me."

George's eyes fluttered down to look at Dream's lips briefly in a moment of weakness.

Much quieter and softer than his previous words, George said "Seriously Dream, g-get off."

With that, Dream swiftly lifted himself off of George, releasing his wrists and sitting back down. George was startled and felt the slightest bit of disappointment seeping its way into him at the loss of intimacy. After a moment, George sat up, staring at Dream with his mouth slightly parted, a startled and confused look on his face.

Dream looked over to him, averting his eyes from the TV and catching George staring. "Aren't you the one who wanted to finish this?" Dream asked, nodding his head towards the movie.

George said nothing in reply, scared at how his voice may sound as he simply turned his body to face the TV again.

Rage built up inside of George again. Dream had managed to get the lead in their little feud, he had the lead by a long shot at this point. This was so obviously on purpose, just to mess with George. Only now it had gone much further.

The movie was only background noise to George's mind, he couldn't think straight anymore. At this point, they were just daring the other to make the first real move and cross that invisible line between joking and real emotion.

George managed to get through most of the rest of the movie, sitting beside Dream and fuming at how he was so helpless around his friend.

How much longer could they possibly keep up whatever game they were playing? How much of it was really just a game at this point?

It felt all too similar to the beginning of their feud, with Dream constantly messing with George until George was only filled with revenge.

Anger clouded George's rational thoughts, leaving him with thoughts of how to get Dream back again. As long as Dream continued his teasing, George wouldn't back down.

They hadn't spoken since Dream had pinned George down on the couch. The second movie was close to finishing and Dream seemed to have sparked his interest in the movie again, watching the screen intently.

George thought up another plan in his head, deciding to be a little more bold this time. He also didn't bother making it subtle anymore, they both fully knew what they were doing, testing to see how far they could push the other.

The glass of water in George's hand tipped over, pouring onto Dream's lap.

"Oops," George said, voice dripping in sarcasm.

"What the hell George! Why the fuck would you do that!?" Dream lifted his arms to move them from the water seeping into his clothes and turned to yell at the other, shocked at his obviously intentional behaviour.

"Don't worry, I'll get it for you," George said in an oddly different, much more flirtatious tone

than Dream was used to.

George stood and quickly grabbed a towel from the kitchen. Dream remained on the couch, not moving in fear of getting water on the sofa and not just his lap.

Then George approached Dream with the towel, getting down on his knees right in front of Dream and making direct eye contact. A confused look grew on Dream's face and George smirked. The boy on his knees then proceeded to dry Dream's lap with the towel, hands applying the slightest amount of pressure. Dream remained shocked for a moment, wondering what the hell was happening.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Dream accused coldly, staring daggers into George.

"What? Do you not want me to help?" George asked as he looked up at Dream innocently.

"You're being a brat George."

"And what's so bad about that?"

"You better watch what you say," Dream warned.

"Oh really? Why? What are you gonna do about it, *punish me*?" George taunted.

Rage pooled inside of Dream, threatening to burst at the seams. Thoughts flooded his mind, making his brain fuzzy. He wanted to grab George and kiss him, their lips colliding in lust and impatience until they were numb, not being able to contain themselves anymore.

But this was still a game to George. Right?

He didn't know the answer. So instead of doing what he desired, he got up and silently walked to his room, fists clenched at his sides. George fell back slightly at Dream's sudden movement. The smirk was wiped right off his face as he watched Dream walk away.

Had he gone too far? No, he thought. Dream deserved that. Dream deserved to feel just as angry and confused as he made George. But still, George couldn't help but feel a tinge of guilt at his friend's reaction.

The next morning when George went downstairs and found Dream in the kitchen, there was an uncomfortable tension surrounding them. They had had plenty of tension before, that feeling wasn't new. But this time it was different, things felt off.

"Here, I made breakfast," Dream said in a monotone voice, not looking at George as he slid a plate of French toast over the counter.

"Thanks," George replied with a slight smile.

They ate in silence, George too nervous and worried to say anything, not knowing how Dream would react.

After they ate, Dream immediately went to his room, closing the door behind him.

The rest of the day Dream barely left his room, partly because he couldn't stand to look at George without wanting to kiss him until their lips were swollen and red, and partly because he was still mad at George for the other night. He knew he couldn't really blame George, he did just as much

teasing as George had, if not more. Either way, he couldn't stand to face George right now.

When dinner time came around and Dream was still in his room, George got hungry. Knowing he was a terrible cook, George decided to order food. He walked over to Dream's room and hesitantly knocked on the door.

There was no reply so he said "Dream? I'm ordering pizza if you want some."

"Yeah, sure. Thanks," Dream replied, voice steady and without emotion.

George sighed slightly and walked away, ordering the pizza. When it arrived, he placed it on the kitchen counter and went to tell Dream, knocking on his door again.

"Hey Dream? The pizzas here," George said tentatively.

"Ok, I'll be out in a sec." His voice was cold.

A few moments later, Dream joined George in the kitchen, putting a few slices of the pizza onto a plate.

"Do you wanna maybe watch something?" George asked, unsure.

"No." Dream's response was short and bitter.

George looked down, not knowing quite what to say. He decided they should probably talk about whatever it was that made Dream so upset. It had only been a joke anyway. They sat at the dining room table together, scrolling on their phones to pass the time. When they finished eating and Dream was about to get up, George spoke up.

"Dream. You can't ignore me forever y'know. I mean really, what's gotten into you today? You won't even *look* at me." George's tone was laced with slight annoyance.

Dream took a deep breath before finally getting the courage to look up at George.

"What the hell *was* that last night? Don't act dumb." Dream tried to remain calm but anger seeped through him, building up steadily.

"Hey, you're not innocent here Dream, it's not like you haven't done anything." George was getting angry now, upset that Dream would pin everything on George despite him being the one who teased and flirted the most.

"I was just joking around George."

"Well so was I."

"*Oh come on* George. *What are you gonna do about it?*" Looking up at me with that look in your eyes. You know what you were doing." Dream was fuming now, bordering on exploding, words spitting out sharply.

"Sure Dream, like you haven't been doing the exact same thing, teasing and messing with me this whole week, if not longer." George's words burned like acid on Dream's skin.

Dream stood now, George following. "But that's different George!" Dream was now yelling, unable to control his rage any longer.

"How the *fuck* is it different?" George was yelling too, pent up frustration pouring out of him.

“It just *is*!” Dream averted his eyes from George's stare, suddenly very nervous, cheeks flushing from anger and a hint of something else.

Then, George shoved Dream, causing Dream's back to slam against the wall. “Tell me!”

“I *can't* George.” Dream spoke softer now, voice going back down to a normal volume.

George was right in front of Dream, staring him down mere inches away. His eyes were filled with anger but softened slightly at Dream's words.

Dream made eye contact with George, looking at him with a certain longing in his eyes. A silent request.

They stared at each other for a long moment, neither one breaking eye contact. Then Dream's eyes slipped to George's lips, seeing them pursed slightly from anger, still looking as soft as ever. George noticed Dream's gaze and furrowed his eyebrows slightly in confusion, anger slipping but still very much prominent in his expression. Dream looked back up to meet George's eyes again, this time with a look full of hidden desire and desperation. Now it was George's eyes that studied the others lips as he stepped closer. They were practically pressed against each other now.

“G-George?” Dream stammered, not quite able to read his friend's expression.

“Shut up,” George said as he roughly grabbed the front of Dream's shirt in his fist, pulling Dream's face down to meet his own in a firm kiss.

Dream took a second, standing frozen and wide eyed in shock before returning the kiss, cupping George's cheeks with his hands, almost covering George's face entirely from the size.

They kissed with passion, gentle and unsure at first. As soon as the kiss was reciprocated and clearly very much wanted by the other, it sped up quickly. They nipped at each other's lips, tongues swirling roughly against one another, impatience and built up longing all flowing through them.

George's hands moved up to Dream's shoulders and into his hair, pulling at the locks slightly, earning a moan from Dream into his mouth. Dream's hands moved all over George, rubbing up and down his sides.

Then Dream flipped them around, slamming George roughly against the wall. George let out a whimper at the sudden shift before deepening the kiss.

Dream's hands snuck under George's hoodie, finding soft, bare skin underneath and kneading it gently.

Then Dream pulled away slightly, George chasing his lips for a moment, eyes fluttering open. “Is this okay?” Dream asked, voice filled with concern as he gently squeezed George's waist.

“God, *yes Dream. Please* touch me,” George begged, impatient for Dream's warmth and closeness again.

Dream smirked before leaning into George to take his lips again, this time more needy and desperate than before. His body firmly held George in place against the wall, pressing up against the other to get as much contact as possible.

The hands on George's waist gripped a little harder now, kneading the pale skin with wanting and impatience.

George's hands made their way to Dream's chest, moving down slowly until they reached the hem of Dream's shirt. He lifted it up slightly before pulling away from the kiss just enough to mumble against Dream's lips "Off."

"You're gonna have to ask nicer than that, Georgie," Dream said as a playful smile crept onto his face, now pulling away from the kiss slightly to look at George.

George simply rolled his eyes at the man towering over him.

"C'mon George." Dream paused for a moment, contemplating his next words. "Beg for it," Dream demanded.

"I'm not doing that," George spat coldly, making direct eye contact with Dream.

Dream then moved his thigh between George's legs, pressing up with the slightest amount of pressure, causing a gasp and a whimper to escape George's swollen red lips.

Leaning into George, lips brushing his ear slightly, Dream spoke lowly, "*Beg.*"

This earned another whimper from George, his hips involuntarily thrusting against Dream's thigh for any kind of stimulation.

The grip on George's waist tightened quickly, holding him flush against the wall to prevent his movements.

"P-please Dream," George said, voice broken and needy.

"Please what?"

"Please fuck me," George said, voice slightly more sure as lust took over.

"Good boy," Dream mumbled in George's ear. George moaned before Dream swiftly pulled his own shirt off over his head, leaning back in to capture George's lips harshly.

George moaned again at the sudden contact, hands travelling over Dream's back, pulling him closer and feeling the toned muscles move as he kissed George.

Dream then began moving the thigh between George's legs ever so slightly, stimulating George and earning more delicious moans from him, muffled by Dream's mouth.

Suddenly George felt himself being picked up by the back of his thighs with ease, wrapping his legs around Dream and pulling him in as close as possible. After a moment, Dream pulled away from the wall, wrapping his arms around George's back and moving towards the bedrooms upstairs without breaking the kiss.

With every step Dream took up the stairs, his thighs rode up into George slightly, each movement feeling like pure bliss.

They got to the nearest bedroom, which was Dream's, and Dream kicked the door shut behind him as he entered, moving towards the bed. When he got close enough, he threw George down on it, crawling on top of him.

They continued to kiss with growing impatience, savouring every second as if it were the last, in disbelief at what was finally happening. Dream then began kissing George's jaw and down his neck, leaving dark marks as he went. He bit the sensitive skin, sucking on it roughly to claim what

was his before running his tongue softly over the growing marks.

He moved down, lifting George's hoodie up and kissing the stomach beneath it. He kissed up George's chest as he slid the hoodie up to George's chin, leaving occasional marks on the untouched pale skin in his path.

When he made his way back up to George's face, he slipped the hoodie over George's head, exposing him completely and admiring the sight lying beneath him. He looked down at George's heaving chest and soft stomach, skin milky and covered in bright red marks.

George blushed under his gaze, tilting his head to the side.

"Fuck George, you're so beautiful," Dream let out breathlessly, looking back at George's face. George looked back at him and smiled, bringing his hands to Dream's face to pull him in again, needing to taste him.

Dream met his lips, feeling George growing desperate beneath him. Hips clashed together as Dream laid on top of George, putting more weight onto him to gain more contact. George rolled his hips up, needy for friction and stimulation.

Reciprocating the motion, Dream began grinding his hips against George's, intensifying the feeling. They rubbed against each other, still half-clothed and needing more.

Then Dream slid his hands down George's sides, finding the waistline of his sweats. "Can I?" Dream asked carefully, pulling away from the kiss to look George in his eyes.

George nodded rapidly, replying with "Please."

Hooking his fingers under George's sweats and boxers, Dream pulled down, exposing George further. George inhaled sharply at the sudden cold air hitting his hot skin. His dick was red at the tip, leaking precum.

Dream wrapped his hand around George's dick, running his thumb over the tip to collect the precum. He then started stroking it slowly, causing George to let out a loud moan and throw his head back into the pillow.

Kissing George again, this time softer, he continued to stroke George's dick between them, causing the boy to whimper into his mouth.

Dream then pulled away, shifting down so his face was by George's thighs. He kissed them softly at first before sucking marks into the sensitive parts of his inner thigh.

His kisses got sloppier as he moved up towards George's dick, pressing open mouthed kisses at the base. He then took George's dick into his mouth, sucking and lapping at the head, taking in more and more as he quickened his pace, running his tongue along under the shaft.

George's hands moved into Dream's hair, tugging at it slightly. As Dream sped up, George's moans got louder, filling the room.

"*Dream*. Fuck, you feel so good," George moaned, hips bucking up slightly into Dream's mouth.

Dream hummed on George's cock, causing a louder, lewd moan to slip from George's mouth. His mouth stayed open, heavily panting and moaning as Dream's pace grew quicker, sucking harder.

After a few minutes passed by, George stuttered out "I-I'm close" between moans.

Dream bobbed his head a few more times before bringing his head up and releasing George's dick with a pop. George whined at the loss of contact, looking down at Dream with clouded, lustful eyes.

They stared at each other for a moment before George recovered from his panting state and realized Dream wouldn't continue, asking sharply "Why the fuck did you stop? I was about to cum." His breathing was heavy as he spoke.

"You don't cum until I say you can," Dream said as he looked directly into George's eyes, still hovering over him.

George kept eye contact as he reached his hand down to his own dick, stroking it quickly as he leaned his head back at the returning pleasure.

The pleasure was short lasting as Dream quickly grabbed the wrist of George's hand rubbing his dick, pulling it away harshly and pinning it down beside George.

George snapped his head back up, glaring at Dream.

"Now George, I was going to continue, but after that, I don't think you deserve it. Wouldn't you agree?" Dream said calmly as he looked at George.

"No. I wouldn't," George replied snarkily, still maintaining eye contact, a flare in his eyes.

Dream sighed, "Well that's where you're wrong George, brats like you don't deserve to cum." There was a slight pause, George glaring at Dream before Dream continued, saying "Now, what do you want the safe word to be?"

"It can be red. Yellow if I need to pause," George said.

"Ok, just let me know if it's too much or if I go too far. You can stop it at any time baby," Dream said, voice filled with sincerity and care.

Dream then laid down beside George on the bed before saying "Now. Get on top of me," and patting his thigh, still clothed in his jeans.

George did as he was told without hesitation, straddling Dream's waist. Dream then placed his hands on George's waist, moving him so he was only straddling one thigh with a knee between Dream's legs, pressed up against his dick.

"If you wanna cum so badly, ride my thigh," Dream stated.

George was sitting fully naked on Dream, skin littered with hickies. His pupils were blown wide and his hair messily scattered.

"N-no, that's embarrassing," George said as he blushed harshly, failing to maintain eye contact with Dream.

"Please George? You look so pretty on top of me," Dream cooed, holding George's chin and tilting it to look at him. Dream ran his thumb along George's bottom lip, pulling it down slightly.

Then Dream shifted his hands back down to George's hips, holding them firmly. "Here, I'll help you," Dream said as he began slowly moving George's hips, grinding them down on his thigh and eliciting a loud moan from George.

Eyes fluttering shut, George leaned down just enough to place his hands on Dream's stomach and steady himself. George then began slightly moving his hips along with Dream's hands as the pleasure increased and took over his embarrassment.

"That's it George. *Good boy*," Dream praised.

George let out a whiny moan at Dream's words, picking up the pace slightly to gain more friction. He rubbed his cock harder against Dream's jeans, needing stimulation. His worries left him as he sank into the electrifying feeling spreading through him.

The hands around George's hips gripped harder, enough to leave bruises, causing George to cry out in slight pain, moaning shortly after.

George's head lolled back as his jaw hung open, eyes closed in ecstasy. "*Dream*," George moaned, "I need more."

"Yeah? Then take it," Dream replied.

George looked back down at Dream and quickly moved his hands to Dream's belt, unbuckling it with impatience. He got off of Dream's thigh and in between his legs before looking back up at Dream for consent. Dream nodded hurriedly and George took off the other man's jeans in one swift movement, leaving him in his boxers.

George eyed Dream's cock hungrily, moving to palm at it through the boxers. There was a wet mark where Dream was already leaking precum. George continued rubbing Dream's dick through his boxers, feeling the large size under his thin fingers.

Then, George moved to begin mouthing at Dream's dick through the fabric. He proceeded to slowly pull down Dream's boxers, releasing the painfully hard cock from constraint. George stared wide-eyed at Dream's dick for a long moment before saying "Holy shit you're big. How the fuck is that supposed to fit inside me?"

Dream chuckled slightly at George's reaction before saying "What? Can you not take it?"

In response, George simply glared at Dream as he licked up Dream's shaft slowly before taking just the tip into his mouth. He flattened his tongue and ran it along the slit, earning a loud, deep moan from Dream.

Slowly, George bobbed his head on Dream's dick, taking it in bit by bit and adjusting to the size. Dream's hands made their way into George's hair, guiding his head slightly. Then, George took the whole thing in, nose touching Dream's abdomen. He held there for a moment, not moving, looking up at Dream and making eye contact with tears forming in his eyes. Dream stared back with lustful, dark eyes, breathing heavily. Then George swallowed around his dick, causing Dream to moan loudly before George finally gagged, bringing his head up for air. Dream let out another moan and had a shocked expression on his face.

"Holy *fuck* George," Dream said as he looked at the boy with tears still in his eyes and a messy string of spit connecting his mouth to Dream's dick.

"You like it when I choke on your dick?" George asked, licking Dream's cock lightly, cleaning up the spit dripping lewdly down it.

"Yes. *God* George you're so perfect. So good for me." Dream panted heavily, pausing before asking "Can I fuck your throat?"

George gave Dream an evil smirk before mocking, saying “You’re gonna have to ask nicer than that Dream.”

“I think you’re forgetting who’s in charge here,” Dream snapped angrily.

“Why don’t you show me then? If you even can,” George said with a daring look in his eyes.

At that, Dream sat up and wrapped a hand around George's throat, applying the slightest amount of pressure. He leaned back on his other hand and pulled George forward by this throat.

The smirk was wiped right off of George's face, now he stared hungrily into Dream's eyes. Dream pulled him forward until their lips brushed against each other, George still on his knees, his hands now resting high on Dream’s thighs for support.

“What was that George?” Dream asked against George's lips, still not applying much pressure to George's throat.

“I *said*. Why don’t you show me?” George replied, a smirk returning to his face, hands gripping onto Dream's thighs harder.

Dream kissed George *hard*, squeezing the sides of his throat to restrict the blood flow. He moved forward into the kiss, his hand previously holding himself up now moving down George's back. He reached George’s ass and gripped it firmly, kneading the soft skin and causing a moan to escape George's mouth into Dream’s. George kissed back with just as much intensity, hands moving from Dream’s thighs to grip his shoulders as he sat up slightly.

“No,” Dream demanded, pulling away from the kiss with one hand still around George's throat, the other returning to rest behind him, “On your hands and knees.”

George complied, breathless and lightheaded, getting down in front of Dream again. Dream now removed his grip from George’s throat and moved up onto his knees, his dick in front of George's face. George looked up at Dream, making eye contact.

Without further instruction, George opened his mouth, letting his tongue loll out the slightest bit. Dream’s face was slightly surprised, pleased at how pliable George had become. “Good boy George. Was that so hard?” Dream praised and leant down, tilting George's chin up gently with his fingers and giving him a soft, passionate kiss into his already open mouth.

He gave one more kiss on the side of George's mouth, smiling at his lover before sitting up again.

One hand gripped George’s hair, the other held his dick, positioning it in front of George's now closed mouth, “Now *open*.” George did as he was told, kissing the head of Dream’s dick softly before opening his mouth and resting his tongue on his bottom lip again.

Dream rested the head of his cock on George's tongue, looking down into the boy’s eyes and saying “Tap my leg three times if you need to stop or pause, okay?” George nodded his head in response.

Then Dream slid his cock into George's mouth slowly until it hit the back of his throat. George lapped at his dick, swirling his tongue around the head.

“I’m gonna fuck your throat now Georgie,” Dream said, both hands now gripping George's hair harshly.

George looked up at him with pleading eyes. How could Dream resist that? He pushed his dick the

rest of the way in, entering George's throat. He then began shallowly thrusting into the tight heat. He felt George gag around his cock at the intrusion, eyes watering.

George's throat then relaxed around Dream, allowing him to pound into George's mouth harder. Dream pulled out slightly not too long after, just far enough for George to get a breath in before slamming into him again. He established a steady pace, thrusting into George countless times, giving him one breath of air, then continuing his movements into George's throat.

Tears formed in George's eyes at the relentless pace, saliva and precum dripping down his chin; he looked fucking *wrecked*.

Dream could see the bulge of his dick in George's throat with each thrust. His hand wrapped around George's throat again gently, feeling the intrusion. "God, you look so filthy with your pretty little lips around my cock," Dream half moaned. George looked up at him again, tears beginning to stream down his cheeks. "*Slut*."

George let out a long moan at Dream's words, sending vibrations through the other man's dick. "You like that? You like it when I degrade you?" George let out another moan in response.

"You're such a little cock slut George. Always being a brat just so I'll fuck you harder."

George continued to moan around Dream's dick, whines attempting to escape the back of his throat.

One of Dream's hands then moved under George's chin, cupping it to get a better grip on George's head. He continued fucking into him, getting sloppier as he neared his climax. Deep moans filled the room, growing increasingly louder as he sped up.

He stopped before it built up too much to the point where he wouldn't be able to stop. Despite how much he would love to cum down George's throat, he would much rather fuck the boy until he screamed.

When Dream pulled out, George heaved, taking deep breaths in now that he could finally breathe properly. Dream then pulled George up to face him with the hand still cupped under his chin. Dream wiped his thumb along George's chin, under his lip, collecting the mess of saliva and precum on his finger before holding it up to George's panting mouth. George took Dream's finger in his mouth immediately, sucking on the digit and swirling his tongue around to taste every last drop of salty precum.

Then Dream kissed him sweetly, slow and soft, filled with love. George kissed back with a little more force out of desperation, still keeping the kiss gentle. They held each other for a moment, kissing deeply as hands ran over each other's bodies, pulling each other impossibly closer.

They then pulled away and pressed their foreheads against one another, looking into each other's eyes with heavy breaths and swollen lips.

After they caught their breaths, they kissed again passionately. George placed one of his hands on Dream's shoulder and pressed slightly as he moved forward, slowly pushing Dream to lean against the headboard. His other hand moved to rest on the bed beside Dream, holding himself up. They didn't break the kiss, eagerly licking into each other's mouths, still keeping the kiss soft.

Dream moved to get into a better position, legs moving out from under him and stretching out onto the bed with George on his knees between them. Then George straddled Dream, both of them now sitting up at eye-level with one another, holding each other closely and never breaking the heated

kiss.

They stayed like that for what felt like an eternity, getting lost in each other's mouths, feeling the warmth radiating off of them as they sat pressed up against each other; skin burning at every point of contact.

Eventually, they got too worked up and needed more. George lightly juttled his hips against Dream, releasing a whiny moan at the slight stimulation.

"Dream," George mumbled against his lover's lips. "Dream I need you," he panted heavily between words, "*now*."

"Yeah?" Their lips brushed against each other as they spoke between kisses. "What do you need George? Tell me."

"I'm not begging again," George stated firmly.

Dream pulled away from the kiss now, faces still mere inches apart. George looked at Dream with glassy, lust-clouded eyes and slick bright red lips.

"I thought you already learned your lesson Georgie."

A knowing smirk grew on George's face, eyes sparkling, taunting Dream. "I guess you'll just have to show me again then." George paused slightly before continuing, "Since last time wasn't good enough."

"You're gonna regret that George," Dream snarled, anger flaring in his expression. Dream then held three fingers up to George's mouth, "Suck."

George shook his head slowly. Dream's hand shot up to George's face, holding it in a firm grasp, thumb on one cheek and the rest of his fingers on the other. Dream then squeezed his thumb and middle finger together, forcing George's jaw open. Then Dream's other hand went back up to George's mouth, placing his fingers between George's lips.

"I *said*, suck," Dream snarled.

The boy took in the digits, sucking on them and coating them in saliva. Dream suddenly pushed his fingers further, entering George's throat slightly and making him gag.

He then pulled his fingers out and moved them down to George's hole, circling it with one of his spit slicked fingers.

The finger slowly pushed into George, allowing him to adjust to the intrusion. When it was all the way up to the second knuckle, George had a slightly pained expression. Dream paused, asking "Are you okay?"

"Yes. Please keep going," George replied, slightly breathless.

Dream complied, beginning to move his finger in and out of George steadily. George began moaning at the feeling, pushing his hips back to get more stimulation and make Dream go deeper. Dream slipped another finger in slowly, stretching George out further. He waited a moment, stilled until George pushed his hips back again, signalling for Dream to continue.

Starting to move again, Dream pushed in and out of George, scissoring his fingers to stretch the boy out. George began moaning loudly at the feeling, hands gripping into Dream's shoulders.

Dream curled his fingers, searching for George's prostate. When Dream found it, George let out a particularly loud, breathy moan, signalling that that was the spot. Dream continued to stimulate the area, earning a string of needy moans from George.

Then Dream added a third finger, continuing to thrust into the boy. George rested his head down on Dream's shoulder near his neck, not having enough energy to hold it up anymore due to the waves of pleasure washing over him. Dream quickened his pace, causing George to bite down on Dream's shoulder, muffling the loud moans.

Dream's hand went to the back of George's head, gripping the hair and pulling it up harshly, "No baby, I wanna hear you." George let him hold his head up, moaning louder for Dream to hear. His hands were still firm on Dream's shoulders, leaving crescent shaped marks from his nails digging into the skin.

After a few final deep thrusts, Dream pulled his fingers out all at once, causing George to whine slightly at the loss. "*Dream*," George moaned out in a needy tone.

"*God*, you look so good like this George. So desperate for my cock." George whimpered at the words. "Now George. Tell me what you want," Dream said slowly with steady breaths.

George made eye contact, tears pooling in his eyes again, face entirely flushed and hair scattered. He was a panting, broken mess.

"I want *you* Dream."

"C'mon Georgie, I know you can do better than that."

George paused before continuing, "I-I want you to fuck me. *Hard*." there was another slight pause, George contemplating his words as Dream looked at him with dark, half-lidded eyes. "*Please* Dream, I need it. I need you inside of me. I want to feel you until I can't take it anymore. I want you to *ruin* me Dream." Then, in a teasing tone, "Think you can manage that?"

"Keep talking like that and you won't even be able to *walk* tomorrow," Dream replied in a warning tone.

With that, Dream leaned over to the side of the bed, opening a drawer of his bedside table and pulling a bottle of lube and a condom out.

When George saw what he had pulled out he hesitantly rushed out "Um.. have you uh.. been tested?"

Dream gave him a slightly confused look before replying "Yeah, I was tested recently and it all came back negative. Why? Have you?"

"Yeah uh, I've been tested, all negative..."

Then George wordlessly took the condom from Dream's hand and slowly put it back in the drawer. Dream looked at George wide-eyed.

"Are you sure?" Dream asked, raising his eyebrows slightly.

"Yes. I wanna feel you. All of you." George looked lustfully into Dream's eyes.

"*Fuck*, o-ok."

“Unless you don’t want to of course,” George said, a little panicked.

“W-what, no. Wait yes.” Dream took a steady breath, calming himself, “Yes, I want to.”

It was different having Dream being the one so unsure and nervous for a change, but George decided he liked it.

Then Dream opened up the lube and squeezed a generous amount onto his hand, he rubbed his fingers together before closing them over his palm to let his body heat warm up the lube slightly. Dream moved his lubed up hand to his dick, stroking it a few times to further warm and spread the lube.

“You ready?” Dream asked, voice thick and lustful, not sure how much longer he could hold off his need to be as intimate and close to George as possible.

George nodded shyly in response.

“I need you to use your words George.” Dream said gently as the back of his fingers grazed along George’s jaw.

“Yes Dream. I’m ready, I-I can’t wait any longer. *Please.*”

Then, Dream used one hand to hold his dick while the other gripped George's waist firmly. He guided George's body with the hand on his waist, positioning the boy so that Dream's dick was lined up with his hole.

With the help of Dream's hand, George lowered himself onto the length beneath him. He moaned out loudly as the tip entered him, hands moving to dig into Dream’s shoulders again. When he was about halfway down, he had to pause, panting heavily, hot breath hitting Dream’s lips.

“*Fuck.* How are you so fucking big?” George said between heavy breaths and quiet groans.

“C'mon George, this is what you wanted, what you've been begging for. *Fucking take it,*” Dream said as he now gripped George's waist with both hands, squeezing harshly with his sharp words.

George looked at Dream with a glare and determined glint in his eyes before lowering himself the rest of the way, letting out a lewd moan as Dream bottomed out.

“Holy shit you’re tight,” Dream said, panting. A satisfied smirk grew on George's face at Dream’s words.

Then George began slowly moving up and down, riding Dream’s cock. Dream's hands gripped the boy’s waist tighter, guiding his movements. They sped up quickly, moaning together with growing impatience and need.

“You’re so pretty riding me like that George,” Dream said between moans, voice raw and gravelly.

George whimpered, clawing into Dream's back, desperately trying to go faster as his thighs grew tired.

“More. I need *more,*” George moaned out. “Please Dream. *Take me.*”

Dream then swiftly flipped them over, roughly pushing George into the mattress while still inside him. He paused for a moment, eyes hungrily raking over George's figure up to his eyes. “Fuck you’re gorgeous,” Dream said as he panted above the pretty boy.

“Stop teasing, I can’t wait any longer. I need you Dream. *Now.*” George was a complete mess under Dream, face flushed, lips red and swollen, sweat making his body glisten in the low light.

“God George you're such a slut, begging me to fuck you. You sure you can even take it?” Dream asked. George nodded rapidly in response, looking into Dream’s eyes desperately. “Then you're gonna get fucked the way brats like you deserve.”

George moaned loudly just from Dream’s words, head leaning back into the pillow, exposing his neck already littered with hickies. Dream gently kissed the dark marks, placing open mouthed kisses on the smooth skin.

Then, Dream began thrusting into George hard and slow; filling George entirely, going deeper with each thrust.

Dream hovered over George, one forearm resting beside his head, caging him in. The other hand still firmly held George's waist as he fucked him into the mattress. Dream then quickened his pace, pounding into George with need. His head rested on George's shoulder with each thrust, hot breath hitting the already burning skin beneath it. His ear was right next to George's open mouth, taking in all the pretty noises that left the boy’s lips and savouring them. George's hands clawed into Dream’s back as his legs wrapped tightly around Dream’s torso, trying to push him in even deeper.

“Fuck. Dream, *harder,*” George demanded.

Dream didn’t need to be asked twice. He lifted his head off of George's shoulder, straightening his back and lifting one of George's legs over his shoulder. He then moved both hands to grip onto George's waist.

“You remember the safe word?” Dream asked.

“Yes, it’s red.”

“Ok, good. Say it at any time George.”

He then began relentlessly pounding into the boy below him. George screamed out, signalling Dream hit his prostate. “Right there. Don’t stop. Please.” George said between heaving breaths.

Dream continued to stimulate the area with a harsh pace. He saw George grip the bed sheets tightly and arch his back.

“I’m g-gonna cum,” George stuttered out.

“You’re gonna cum George? Yeah? It’d be a shame if I were to stop.”

After one more thrust, Dream stilled his movements entirely, still deep inside George, causing the boy to whine at the sudden stop.

After catching his breath, George groaned and glared at Dream. “I said don’t stop,” George said harshly.

“I don't think you heard me the first time. *You don't cum until I say you can.*”

George pushed his head back into the pillow in frustration, knowing what Dream wanted. His dick twitched slightly at the thought of Dream having so much power over him.

Then, looking back up at Dream, George pleaded, “Please keep going Dream. I’ll be good, I

promise. I'll ask this time."

"That's it Georgie, good boy," Dream cooed.

Dream then suddenly began pounding into George at the same unrelenting pace as before, hitting his prostate with each thrust. George's moans grew increasingly louder, the boy practically screaming in ecstasy from the overwhelming pleasure washing over him. The room was filled with the boys' moans and the lewd wet noise that came with each thrust.

"This is what you get. *Whore*," Dream said.

The degrading words made heat pool in George's stomach, he couldn't think anymore. The only thought flooding his mind was Dream.

"*Fuck*. Can I cum? Please let me cum Dream."

With a few more hard, deep thrusts, Dream said "Cum for me George."

That's all George needed. His back arched on the bed, hands gripping the sheets as he came all over his stomach, moaning loudly at the intense orgasm. All the built up pleasure now flowed through him, providing a euphoric feeling.

Dream didn't stop, he was still chasing his own orgasm, gripping George's waist tightly and pressing a chaste kiss to George's leg beside him as he felt George tighten around him. Dream's head lolled back, mouth open and releasing deep moans and groans.

Squirming under him from the overstimulation, George whined slightly, "*Dream*. It's too much."

"You know how to stop it George," Dream said through gritted teeth, still pounding into the pretty mess of a boy under him.

George didn't say anything in response, only squirming a little more, causing Dream's grip to tighten and hold him still.

"That's what I thought, *slut*," Dream said.

Dream's pace quickened, thrusts getting sloppier as he neared climax. "I-I'm close," he said.

George composed himself slightly from the whining, ruined mess he was, propping himself up on his elbows to look at Dream with watery, pleading eyes and say "Do it Dream, cum. I want it inside of me. *Please* Dream, cum for me." George was panting between his words.

With George's words, Dream looked at the fucked out boy below him. He thrust in one final time, as deep as he could and came *hard*. He bottomed out inside of George, filling him with his cum and groaning loudly. George could feel Dream's dick twitch inside of him as he came.

As Dream came down from his high, he stayed inside of George, breaths heavy. He then gently removed George's leg from his shoulder and hovered over George to kiss him. The kiss was tender and sweet, gentle compared to the harsh thrusts only a moment before. George kissed back eagerly, arms wrapping around Dream's neck.

Then, Dream pulled away from the kiss to collapse onto George and the mess covering his stomach, not caring about the gross feeling. He hugged him and whispered "You're so perfect George, I love you" into his chest.

George ran a hand through the boy's blonde hair as he whispered back "I love you too Dream."

In response, Dream hugged him tighter, savouring the skin on skin contact and warmth it provided.

After a minute, Dream slowly got off of George, up on his knees again and still inside of George. He then pulled out slowly and carefully, George whimpering at the overstimulation. Dream comforted him, rubbing the boy's sides and thigh gently, saying "It's ok George."

When he pulled out fully, a mix of cum and lube spilled out of George, causing Dream to say "*God* George" at the filthy sight. George blushed harshly at Dream's staring, covering his face with his arm and turning his head slightly.

Dream then gently lifted George's arm away to look him in the eyes and say "You're beautiful."

George couldn't fight the smile on his face, playfully rolling his eyes.

"I'll be right back, okay?" Dream said as he got off the bed and moved to the door.

"Okay," George said lazily.

Dream first went to the kitchen to grab two glasses of water for them before moving to the bathroom to clean himself off quickly and get two painkillers and a wet cloth to bring. His last stop was George's bedroom, getting a fresh pair of boxers and draping it over his arm so he could hold everything.

He then went back to his room where George laid in the same position as before, too exhausted to move. Dream set down the two glasses of water, pills and boxers and took the warm, wet cloth off his arm where it was draped, moving to clean up George as gently as he could. He softly wiped the sticky mess off the boy's stomach and carefully removed as much lube and cum from his sensitive hole as he could, George squirming a little under his touch.

When he was done cleaning off George, he handed him the glass of water and painkillers, motioning for him to sit up and saying "Here, take these." The boy did, taking the water and pills in his hands, drinking down the painkillers. Dream drank his water too, sitting on the edge of the bed.

Then Dream helped George put on the clean boxers before getting some for himself, finally climbing into bed next to the exhausted boy and getting them both under the covers.

They laid facing each other, inches apart, Dream's hand on George's cheek while George's was draped over Dream's torso.

"So.. does this mean you'll date me?" Dream asked with a goofy smirk.

George laughed softly before saying "Yes Dream, I'll date you," and pressing a kiss to the boy's lips, feeling his smile. When George pulled away, Dream quickly littered kisses all over the boy's face, making him giggle.

Then Dream moved his hand to George's waist, pulling him in and closing the small gap between the two. George's head pressed against Dream's bare chest, feeling the steady heartbeat beneath him.

They fell asleep like that, holding each other close and basking in the comfort it brought them, hoping it would last forever.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! If this does well, I already have some completed and work-in-progress fics that I'm excited to share (both dnf and karlnap). Constructive criticism is greatly appreciated, I would love your feedback or just to hear what you thought. :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!